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PICTURE STUDY

IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

PUPIL'S BOOK I

FOR PRIMARY GRADES

The MMC Co.

Le Brun.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

PICTURE STUDY

IN

ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

PUPIL'S BOOK I

FOR PRIMARY GRADES

New York
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
LONDON: MACMILLAN & CO., LTD.
1900

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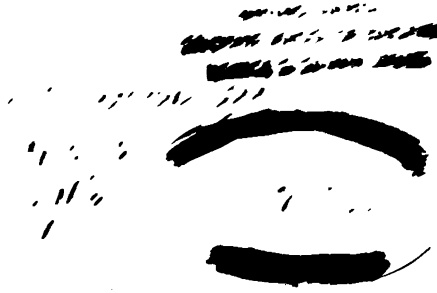

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SEPTEMBER

SEPTEMBER

(HOME AND SCHOOL)

MOTHER AND CHILD

BLESSED Dear and Heart's Delight,
Companion, Friend, and Mother mine,
Round whom my fears and love entwine,
With whom I hope to stand and sing
Where Angels form the outer ring
Round singing Saints who, clad in white,
Know no more of day or night
Or death or any changeful thing,
Or anything that is not Love.

— CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

WHAT intenseness of desire
In her upward eye of fire!
With a tiger-leap, half-way
Now she meets the coming prey,
Lets it go as fast, and then
Has it in her power again:
Now she works with three or four,
Like an Indian conjuror;
Quick as he in feats of art,
Far beyond in joy of heart.

— WORDSWORTH.

PICTURE STUDY

IN

ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

PUPIL'S BOOK I

FOR PRIMARY GRADES

New York
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LONDON: MACMILLAN & CO., LTD.
1900

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WHAT would little Tabby care
For the plaudits of the crowd?
Over-happy to be proud,
Over-wealthy in the treasure
Of her own exceeding pleasure.

—WORDSWORTH.

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FAR from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

—GRAY.

Geoffroy.

A PRIMARY SCHOOL IN BRITTANY.

THE BRAVE OLD OAK

A SONG to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long;
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,
And his fifty arms so strong.
There's fear in his frown when the sun goes down,
And the fire in the west fades out;
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
When the storms through his branches shout.

—H. F. CHORLEY.

Züber.

SEPTEMBER.

OCTOBER

COME to the sunset tree!
The day is past and gone;
The woodman's axe lies free
And the reaper's work is done.

—FELICIA HEMANS.

Bastien-Lepage.

THE HAY HARVEST.

FOLDING THE FLOCKS

SHEPHERDS all and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up; for the air
Begins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dewdrops, how they kiss
Every little flower that is;
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a string of crystal beads.

* * * * * *

Now, good night! may sweetest slumbers
And soft silence fall in numbers
On your eyelids. So farewell:
Thus I end my evening knell.

— BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Troyon.

THE RETURN TO THE FARM.

Oh, the shouting Harvest-weeks!
Mother Earth grown fat with sheaves;
Thrifty gleaner finds who seeks;
Russet-golden pomp of leaves
Crowns the woods, to fall at length;
Bracing winds are felt to stir,
Ocean gathers up her strength,
Beasts renew their dwindled fur.

—Christina G. Rossetti.

HARVEST TIME. L'Hermitte.

ALL wise work is threefold in character. It is honest, useful, and cheerful.

—JOHN RUSKIN.

Dupré.

THE BALLOON.

RULE OF LIFE

LIKE the star
That shines afar,
Without haste
And without rest,
Let each man wheel with steady sway
Round the task that rules the day,
And do his best!

—GOETHE.

Miller.

A SHEPHERDESS KNITTING.

NOVEMBER

THE LAMB

LITTLE Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead?
Gave thee clothing of delight, —
Softest clothing, — woolly, bright?
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
  Little Lamb, who made thee,
  Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee —
He is called by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb: —
He is meek and He is mild;
He became a little child;
I, a child, and thou, a lamb,
We are called by His name —
  Little Lamb, God bless thee!
  Little Lamb, God bless thee!

— WILLIAM BLAKE.

Bonheur.

BRITTANY SHEEP.

THE SHEPHERD

How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot!
From the morn to the evening he strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be filled with praise.

For he hears the lambs' innocent call,
And he hears the ewes' tender reply;
He is watchful, while they are in peace,
For they know that their shepherd is nigh.

— WILLIAM BLAKE.

Lazuie.

THE SHEPHERDESS.

THE SPINNER

TWINKLE, twinkle, pretty spindle,
Let the white wool drift and dwindle;
Oh! we weave a damask doublet
  For my love's coat of steel.
Hark! the timid turning treadle,
Crooning soft old-fashioned ditties
To the low slow murmur
  Of the brown round wheel.

—O'DONNELL.

THE SPINNER. Maes.

Good thoughts his only friend,
His wealth a well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn
And quiet pilgrimage.

— Campion.

Velasquez.

A PILGRIM

WHO would true valor see
  Let him come hither!
One here will constant be,
  Come wind, come weather:
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first-avow'd intent
  To be a Pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round
  With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound;
  His strength the man is.
No lion can him fright;
He'll with a giant fight;
But he will have a right
  To be a Pilgrim.

—BUNYAN.

Boughton.

PILGRIM EXILES.

DECEMBER

DECEMBER

(Christmas)

It is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a Child Himself.

— Dickens.

And there were in the same country Shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night. And, lo, the Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the Angel said unto them, Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which the Lord hath made known unto us.

And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

— *From "The Gospel according to St. Luke."*

Lerolle.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE SHEPHERDS.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

As Joseph was a-walking,
He heard an angel sing,
"This night shall be the birth-time
Of Christ, the heavenly king.

"He neither shall be born
In housen nor in hall
Nor in the place of paradise,
But, in an ox's stall.

"He neither shall be rockéd
In silver nor in gold,
But, in a wooden manger
That resteth in the mould."

Then be ye glad, good people,
This night, of all the year,
And light ye up your candles
For his star it shineth clear.

Correggio.

HOLY NIGHT.

A MOTHER is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive.

— COLERIDGE.

Dagnan-Bouveret.

F MADONNA AND CHILD.

CHRISTMAS

God rest ye, merry gentlemen! let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day.

The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem, the stars shone through the gray,
When Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day.

God rest ye, little children; let nothing you affright,
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born this happy night.

— Old Carol.

Botticelli.

THE MADONNA OF THE LOUVRE.

And the child grew and waxed strong, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon him.

— *St. Luke.*

Murillo.

THE HOLY FAMILY.

JANUARY

(The Old Masters)

SLEEP, little Baby, sleep;
The holy Angels love thee,
And guard thy bed, and keep
A blessed watch above thee.

No spirit can come near
Nor evil heart to harm thee;
Sleep, sweet, devoid of fear,
Where nothing need alarm thee.

— CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

Bellini.

AN ANGEL.

LORD, thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather proof;
Under the spans of which I lie
Both soft and dry;
Where thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me, while I sleep.
All these, and better, thou dost send
Me to this end, —
That I shall render, for my part,
A thankful heart.

— HERRICK.

Del Sarto.

MADONNA OF THE SACK.

THE man of life upright,
  Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds,
  Or thoughts of vanity;

The man whose silent days
  In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude,
  Nor sorrow discontent; —

That man needs neither towers
  Nor armor for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly
  From thunder's violence.

— CAMPION.

Rosa.

DIOGENES IN SEARCH OF AN HONEST MAN.

Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

—Shirley.

Velasquez.

PRINCE BALTHASAR.

FEBRUARY

(OLD MASTERS, *Continued*)

YOUTH is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather.

— SHAKESPEARE.

Rembrandt.

PORTRAIT OF AN OLD WOMAN.

An Englishman came to Rubens for help. He had been a painter. But he had given up his art, and was trying now to change common metals to gold. You know in those days people thought to become rich in this way.

The Englishman promised to divide half the profits of his experiments with Rubens.

"You have come twenty years too late," said Rubens.

Then pointing to his palette and brushes, he added, —

"Everything I touch with these turns to gold."

Rubens.

PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.

I KNOW a baby, such a baby,—
Round blue eyes and cheeks of pink,
Such an elbow furrowed with dimples,
Such a wrist where creases sink!

— CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

Van Dyck.

BABY STUART.

THERE is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies blow;
A heavenly paradise in that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;
There cherries grow that none may buy,
Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry.

— CAMPION.

Reynolds.

PENELOPE BOOTHBY.

COME to me, O ye Children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.
Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are the living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

— HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Millet.

FEEDING HER BIRDS.

MARCH

(The Modern Masters)

He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

— Bailey.

Poor dog! he was faithful and kind, to be sure,
And he constantly loved me although I was poor;
When the sour-looking folk sent me heartless
away,
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

— Campbell.

Landseer.

THE SHEPHERD'S CHIEF MOURNER.

SHE walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.
And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

—BYRON.

Richter.

QUEEN LOUISE.

I HEARD a thousand blended notes
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

— WORDSWORTH.

Bastien-Lepage.

JEANNE D'ARC.

A BOY'S SONG

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
When the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

—JAMES HOGG.

Bashkirtseff.

THE MEETING.

"You have a son, I believe?" said Mr. Dombey.

"Four on 'em, sir. Four hims and a her. All alive."

"Why, it's as much as you can afford to keep them!" said Mr. Dombey.

"I couldn't hardly afford but one thing in the world less, sir."

"What is that?"

"To lose 'em, sir."

— Dickens.

Israels.

A MOTHER'S CARE.

APRIL

(NATURE)

THE year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's at the thorn;
God's in His heaven —
All's right with the world!

— BROWNING.

Corot.

LAKE AT VILLE D'AVRAY.

SPRING

SPRING is coming!
Spring is coming!
Birds are chirping,
Insects humming,
Flowers are peeping
From their sleeping,
Streams escaped
From winter's keeping,
In delighted freedom rushing
Dance along in music gushing.
All is beauty,
All is mirth,
All is glory upon earth —
Shout we then with Nature's voice,—
Welcome Spring!
Rejoice! Rejoice!

—JAMES NACK.

Corot.

THE WILLOWS.

SPRING is coming! Come, my brother,
Let us rove with one another
To our well-remembered wildwood,
Flourishing in nature's childhood,
Where a thousand flowers are springing
And a thousand birds are singing;
Where the golden sunbeams quiver
On the verdure-bordered river —
Let our youth of feeling out
To the youth of Nature shout,
While the waves repeat our voice —
Welcome, Spring!
Rejoice! Rejoice!

—JAMES NACK.

Constable.

DEDHAM MILL. ESSEX.

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers!
O sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?
O punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?
O sweet content, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace,
Honest labor bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny, nonny; hey nonny, nonny.

— DEKKER.

Millet.

FEEDING THE HENS.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

UNDER the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
    Here shall he see
    No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

— SHAKESPEARE.

Diaz.

SPRING.

MAY

(NATURE)

THE MILKMAID

WHAT a dainty life the milkmaid leads,
When over the flowery meads
She dabbles in the dew
And sings to her cow,
And feels not the pain
Of love or disdain!
She sleeps in the night, though she toils in the day,
And merrily passes her time away.

— NABBES.

Dupré.

IN THE OPEN COUNTRY.

Jack and Joan, they think no ill,
But loving live, and merry still;
Do their week-days' work, and pray
Devoutly on the holy day.

Joan can call by name her cows
And deck her windows with green boughs;
She can wreaths and tutties make,
And trim with plums a bridal cake.

Millet.

A WOMAN CHURNING.

THE pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

—SHELLEY.

Breton.

THE SONG OF THE LARK.

Look up, not down;
Look forward, and not backward;
Look out, and not in;
And
Lend
A
Hand.

Small service is true service while it lasts.
Of humblest friends, bright creature, scorn not one.
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrops from the sun.

— Wordsworth.

Renouf.

A HELPING HAND.

ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL

ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful, —
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings, —
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The morning, and the sunset
That lighteth up the sky,

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden, —
He made them every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

— KEBLE.

Potter.

P

THE YOUNG BULL.

JUNE

(In Foreign Lands)

God is great,
And God is just:
He knoweth the hearts
Of the children of dust —
He is the Helper; in Him I trust.

— Bayard Taylor.

Fortuny.

ARAB AT PRAYER.

As I ride, as I ride
To our Chief and his allied,
Who dares chide my heart's pride
As I ride, as I ride?
Or are witnesses denied —
Through the desert waste and wide
Do I glide unespied
As I ride, as I ride?

As I ride, as I ride,
Ne'er has spur my swift horse plied.
Yet his hide, streaked and pied,
As I ride, as I ride,
Shows where sweat has sprung and dried,
How has vied stride with stride,
As I ride, as I ride.

— BROWNING.

Schreyer.

A KABYL.

A JAPANESE POEM ON SPRING

AMID the branches
Of the silvery bowers
The nightingale doth sing;
Perchance he knows
That spring hath come,
And takes the later snows
For the white petals
Of the plum's sweet flowers.

— SOSEI.

Outamaro.

IN THE UYENO PARK.

BUT the city, oh the city! — the square with the houses! Why?
They are stone-faced, white as a curd, there's something to take the eye!
Houses in four straight lines, not a single fence awry;
You watch who crosses and gossips, who saunters, who hurries by;
Green blinds, as a matter of course, to draw when the sun gets high;
And the shop with fanciful signs, which are painted properly.

— BROWNING.

Panini.

A STREET SCENE.

The boys run dabbling through thick and thin;
One tears his hose, another breaks his shin;
This, torn and tatter'd, hath with much ado
Got by the briers; and that hath lost his shoe;
This drops his hand; that headlong falls for haste;
Another cries behind for being last.

— Browne.

Murillo.

THE MELON EATERS.

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IN

ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

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